

*The Historie of*

*Prince.* Come hither *Francis.*

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* How long hast thou to serue, *Francis?*

*Francis.* Forsooth fiue yeares, and as much as to.

*Poinz.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone, anone sir.

*Prince.* Fiue yeares; berlady a long lease for the clippcking of Pewter: But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

*Francis.* O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all Bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

*Poinz.* *Francis.* *Francis.* Anone sir.

*Prince.* How old art thou, *Francis?*

*Francis.* Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be

*Poinz.* *Francis.*

*Francis.* Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

*Prince.* Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas a penny worth, wast not?

*Francis.* O Lord, I would it had been two.

*Prince.* I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poinz.* *Francis.* *Francis.* Anone, anone.

*Prince.* Anone *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on thursday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

*Francis.* My Lord.

*Prince.* Wilt thou rob this Leatherne ierkin, Christfall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

*Francis.* O Lord sir, who do you meane?

*Prince.* Why then your Browne bastarde is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In *Barbary* sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Francis.* What sir; *Poinz.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer standes amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter Vintner.

*Vint.*

*Henry the fourth*

*Vint.* VVhat, standst thou still looke to the Ghestes within. My

a dozen more, are at the doore, sh

*Prin.* Let them alone awhile, &

*Poinz.* Anone, anone sir.

*Prince.* Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the doore, shall we be merry?

*Poinz.* As merry as Crickets, my cunning match haue you made w come, what's the issue?

*Prin.* I am now of all humors, humors, since the old daies of go age of this present twelue a clo clocke *Francis*?

*Francis.* Anone, anone sir.

*Prin.* That euer this fellow sh a Parret, & yet the son of a Wom and downe staires, his eloquence am not yet of *Percy*'s mind, the Ha me some fixe or seuen dozen of S handes, and sayes to his wife, Fi worke. O my sweet *Harry*, sayes f to day? Giue my Roane horse a dr some fortnene, an houre after: a t *Falstaffe*; Ile play *Percy*, and tha Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Rino*, fa call in Tallow.

Enter *Falstaf*

*Poinz.* Welcome *Iacke*, where

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards I ry and Amen: giue me a cup of long, Ile sowe neather stocks, an too. A plague of all cowards, Gi there no vertue extant?

*Prin.* Didst thou neuer see *Titan* harted *Titan* that melted at the sw didst, then behold that compou

D 3.